

CHELSEY MINNIS

Red

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BAD BAD

CHELSEY MINNIS

F	E	N	C	E
B	O	O	K	S

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PREFACE 1

People say "nothing new" or "the death of the author" but, I am new and I am not dead.

Intellectual, anachronistic, superserious: I'm not going to start crying because "experimental" and I'm not going to start crying because "not experimental"...I just want to piss down my own leg...

And should everyone be bored like narcosis?....

Poetry should be "uh huh" like..."baby has to have it..."

If anyone thinks they need to write reviews, teach classes, edit magazines, or translate books in order to write good poetry...then maybe they should just take a rest from it...

If you try to write a good poem again and again for years and years and receive no awards, no money, no nothing...then you're happy...

And all these blurbs are for s—. Like if I were to carry around a turd and pretend it is my baby...

The poet I worship is Edward Dorn, because I adore his disgust...

Whatever he says feels like art...

Poetry is for crap since there's no money or fast cars in it...

But, in the thighs...I feel it...

PREFACE 2

You should not think of getting a job with your poetry...

If you do, then you will begin to count your own books...

Poetry careers are a bad business...

If you want to be hired then you will write the right poems for it...
I would like to write this for people...who don't know anything...
I don't want to hurt their pretty heads with poems!...

PREFACE 3

Don't mystify me with poems...
I can't feel a stifle for the rest of my life!...
If you are a poet then it should be foremost on your mind to say something and
not to conceal it...

All this is for fighting...but you must like it too...

You should have something in poetry!...And you should take this as my first
statement towards that...

I am trained to write poems much more meaningless than this.

PREFACE 4

I can only write poetry that is like a tuba covered with blood...
No asylums, crackhouses, jails, hitchhiker's cars, ditches, or body dumps for me!
If I find a piece of rope...I must use it to tie myself to the bedposts...
If I find the pretty pink horse-pills etc.
This is not a mini-gun with which to shoot myself.

You can say many nasty things about poetry if you like...
But Chelsey understands what is expected of her!

PREFACE 5

You should not fall love with your mentor, but you should try to punish him
with your poems...

Then he won't dare to kiss you on the forehead...

Too bad mentors are like dogs but they aren't as smart as the dogs...

Often they are crying because of the truth...

I want to say in my poem that I am alive! But it is just a triumphant moment...

I loved my mentor...because of his ugliness...

But I wish for my poems to be understood as complete failures...if they have no
loving-kindness...

PREFACE 6

Don't you think I realize the missing importance of this!

I would rather have a Gucci bag than a poem...

I wish to be a great poet...but I don't wish to be high-level...

I will never submit to the fellowship committees...

Because I do not like encouraging handwritten notes!

I will scold myself for many things in the future...but never for this.

I have dismissed all compliments since my mentor's death.

PREFACE 7

I want to write a poem because I don't feel very boring!

But I will feel like a stuffed leopard because of the praise.

No one should get paid to write poems and nobody should even be allowed to write them.

But a love poem will not fail.

Do you think I am very happy, with my uncut wrists?

PREFACE 8

I have a quality that is like a libertine...

Which is that I have a great desire to enjoy my own disgust...

If I am a poet I am the worst kind of poet...

Someone once thought that a poem should be more than an elaborate "fuck you," but I did not think it.

PREFACE 9

If poetry is dead...then good.

I know what will be fun! I'll buy your book and ask you to sign it and then throw it in the trash.

Of all the beautiful rip-offs this will be my favorite...

Poetry has to update or I will begin to rip my sleeves down...

Anyway, poor everyone who never went to Harvard...

PREFACE 10

It is very nice to be a poet...if you like it...

It is the frou-frou of death...

People say it is very dangerous to write poems but they only mean that it is dangerous to your career as a poet...

A poet is not to be praised for any thing...

If I write something then let me be killed...

If anyone wants good poems then they should tell me and I will write them...

If anyone wants to get bored they should go to a poetry reading but not mine...

I can tell you one thing like a 27-course dinner...

PREFACE 11

I am a poet because I have no other happiness than to write poems.

This is the tiny fake doorway of reality...

I like disapproval and so I am a poet. It is only seen in the worst dispositions...

I am a poet and so I should be able to say something true...

If you can ignore my vanity you will see that I say the only thing possible...

I am a poet but I would not ask anyone else in the world to say it is so...

That would be a crotchless happiness...

Many things can make you feel like a writer but not like a poet...

PREFACE 12

A poem can be too good for anyone. But this poem will not be too good for anyone...

It will be like a fake fire in a fake fireplace...

You might think you like poetry but you don't...

Again, I would rather have a Gucci bag than a poem...

I don't think my brains are that good...

It is a student's mistake...to like your own brains too much...or to think that you will ever feel bad for writing any thing...

A poem should not be flawless but should be able to bear the burden of its flaws...

You think this poem will have a high standard...but, like all poems, it will only be made to be approved...

PREFACE 13

When I write a poem it's like looking through a knothole into a velvet fuckpad...

And it is like buttery sweetbreads spilled down the front of your dress...

It is like a gun held to the head of a poodle...

If I want to write any poems I will write them!

A poem that doesn't have any intellectual filler in it...

Like two blondes fighting on a roof...

PREFACE 14

I can say things that are not going to cheer anyone up...

Like, "most poets don't have any dick or balls under their skirts..."

But then I start to feel like a #1 jackass...

I can only write a poem if it has some punishment in it...

But...I have given too many unfulfilled promises of revenge...

PREFACE 15

Sometimes people want your grief to come out of you...

And you can give it to them...in poems...or they can count your drinks...

I like to work agreeably hard in the afternoon for plenty of questionable compliments...

I want to be a doggie of poetry!

My mentor was never really my mentor...

He was just an animatronic cowboy...

PREFACE 16

As a modern poet you are not supposed to be a spectacle of bad habits...

But sometimes you have to be hard-drinking...

Some people must commit suicide because they are too lovely to live...

But I am not too lovely to live...

I am good enough to be trained to be happy...

PREFACE 17

I can only survive if I am not made to be too discontented about my poems...

My mentor was honorable in poetry and that does not signify to many people but it signifies to me...

I do not wish to deny my own vanity, which is paramount...but I do wish to avoid "author" photographs...

I have a taste for poetic hurt because I tried it as a girl...

I was not good enough to forget it...

PREFACE 18

I cannot write poems to honor other poets...

I do not think of them at all...

If I feel a beauty that is like a swinging girder...

My mentor did not tell me to feel it...

And I do not like a lesser feeling...

PREFACE 19

I do not think anything is so hard in life until I am denied a treat or a gift...

And then I understand that my life is, in fact, unhappy and meaningless.

How can a person feel so meaningless and yet fail to disappear from the earth?
Every day this is a question.

If you have to ask something, ask why poetry does not exist...

PREFACE 20

I am a poet so I can say things...

And not so that I can have any notion of a literary lifestyle...

I don't like to be a poet but how else can I be so fitful?

When I say "I am a poet" I expect I am saying something that is neutral of all self-congratulations...

I am saying, "I have a special quality that is like swan shit on marble..."

PREFACE 21

I don't think I am supposed to be such a darling of death...

But if I love anything it is death too...

I don't want to make anyone's life hard! I only want to make my own life hard...

I will tell you what is poetry...

It is a remote electronic claw picking up a stuffed bunny rabbit...

PREFACE 22

You should never fall in love with your mentor just because of his belt buckle...

Then you know you will do any thing to appear true-hearted...

When I loved my mentor I was true-hearted...although it was totally hack...

He could only think I was playacting...

I did not write one good poem of love during that time...but neither did anyone...

PREFACE 23

If someone tells me I have to read so-and-so then I usually don't...

I don't want to criticize anyone in poetry! I don't want to break apart their rocking chairs etc..

I just want to be a sucker too..

PREFACE 24

I can't like this and no one can...

I want to be the worst person in the world but I'm not.

The thing is...I can't really learn how to write poetry...

There are many objections to this poem, but I hope there are no objections to the truth!

PREFACE 25

If anyone should write a love poem, I should, but only for fancy...

I do not wish for you to think there will be no bloody bunny rabbits or smashed éclairs in it...

I know you will like it like a piggie...

I know you will not become feeble with boredom...

A poem is like a retractable ceiling so all the shitty doves can fly out...

PREFACE 26

It is very romantic to be a poet...like having a bad back...

But it is also a pleasure... like squeezing your legs together...and buttoning your blouse all the way up...

But then it is too much pleasure, like peach pie

And it becomes...too average to live...

PREFACE 27

I would like to hurt the people who hurt me so well...

It is not a rosy sentiment!

I love things that are obvious pacifications...like drink...

This poem is so you can feel a true hurt that is like a gold medallion between your breasts...

I like to write poems...but I don't like to see through a tiny telescope all the way to hell...

PREFACE 28

Often I find myself defending my own narcissism...

But my talent is still inside me like an épée...

I only liked my mentor because of my own talent...

I wanted to kiss his hand but it is wrong to kiss someone's hand...

PREFACE 29

It is undisciplined to fall in love with your mentor...

It is like running away from a lawn party...

If you are too lucky, then you won't understand...

I loved my mentor because I could not please him...

That was a pretty lesson I taught him...

PREFACE 30

Once I became a poet I could not be taught to be a poet...

It is like wearing a slit slip under a slit skirt...

Now I am careless of my statements...

And it feels good...like a champagne bidet...

I should not have poetry as a vanity and I should not have it as a career...

But I should have it!...like a doorknob covered with honey...

PREFACE 31

I can't accept a reasonable alternative...I can only accept the bad original idea...which is to write poems...

It is very disheartening, like circus wages...

I want to write a poem like non-asphyxiation!

Sometimes I look inward with happiness and this is when I can write a poem...

PREFACE 32

I have been created to make a show out of everything...even my own disgraces...

Poetry is my horsie that I ride around...

It is like hitting someone on the head with a rubber chicken but then apologizing right away...

You can try to believe what I say in my poems, but your teachers will force you to admit it is not true...

PREFACE 33

I liked my mentor...

I would try to grab onto his sweaters but it was nothing...

It was like a sumptuous near-moment...

I want someone to kiss the inside of my wrist and then throw it down...

Because that is the hard detachment of a mentor...

PREFACE 34

Poetry is made to produce an expensive drowsiness...

With a true flickering of disinterest...

This is like a very serious boredom...

It is the boredom of poetry!

PREFACE 35

Poetry is hardly any thing...

But it feels good like pumped syrup...

You have to be a weakling to be a poet...

Like someone yelling and waving their lollipop around...

But...it is nice to drink at an outdoor table and watch your poems blow away...

PREFACE 36

"Poetry writing" is a hardship

Like crying because you don't like the wallpaper...

It is like bleeding from your anus in the snow...

But I don't like it...

PREFACE 37

This makes me sad...

But if I must have something...it should be sad...

I want to be gross with feeling!

It is suitable or unsuitable, I don't care

This is supposed to be a good poem placed very gently upon the desk...

PREFACE 38

I am not writing poetry to uphold a tradition...

People will give me a compliment when they don't know if I'm any good or not...

Do not ask me to be gracious when I am not trying to be so gracious...

I chose to be a poet...not to rise above it!

PREFACE 39

Sometimes I am bored by poetry and I am supposed to think it is my own fault...

But how can it be my fault when I am so trusting-hearted?

As a young poet I was well entertained by discouraging remarks...

Now I have to bark like a dog to forget that memory!

It is too easy to be a failure in poetry...

I have not challenged myself in failures...

PREFACE 40

I am lucky to be such a failure...in poetry...

Because...I only like what is manure...

It is easy to fall in love with your mentor because he is like a crippled tiger...
And then to feel an awful happiness like a broken bed...

If you fall in love with your mentor then you will try to punish him with your
poems...

Which is a gall...

So you will be a very galling poetess...

And yet, you can turn away from poetry...

PREFACE 41

This is like the buckling knee of a two-headed fawn...

I know you are my favorite fool!

Because you are sentimental on deer...like anyone...

I do not think I can be a good person...

I have ignored all possible good deeds to write a poem...

PREFACE 42

A poem is like a clear vinyl raincoat over you...

And you can still be stabbed through the raincoat...

I don't owe anyone any brilliant poems...

But it is very fun, like spitting out caviar...

PREFACE 43

I am sorry to be such a good poet...but I will write a poem anyway...

It is like bleeding silently through a hole in a wetsuit...

No one should try to be a serious poet because they are really little earwigs...

It is hard to die without writing poems...

PREFACE 44

I have not yet decided to be happy

But I have decided to write poems...

I do not like to see a loveless thing

But I can write an unloving word...

If you promise not to cry like a little girl I will write you a poem...

PREFACE 45

I'm so smart like I deserve a kiss on the forehead...

Even though I'm hurting inside like a megalomaniac...

Even so, I'm not going to any more poetry school

PREFACE 46

It feels like there is a goodness in suffering...

And that is why I go against so many things in life...

I have gone against many things in life...

And it has always been rewarding...

But none so much as when I have gone against my mentor!

PREFACE 47

Sometimes I feel such sudden flaming winces of knowledge that are totally imagined...

Or I'm constantly acting out how I feel rather than being a natural person...

It is like a showmanship to be alive!...

It is very outdated to be so drunk, but my poems will not be outdated...

PREFACE 48

Maybe someone has been staring too deeply into the toilet and crying...

Or maybe someone wants to pretend they have nothing to do with all that...

I want to say "uh huh!" and "yes, sir!" to everything anyone says!

I would like to say... "This poem was influenced by Marianne Moore!"

But, "I have nothing to say to Marianne Moore and she has nothing to say to me!"

PREFACE 49

I write a poem but it doesn't do anything...

It just liquefies my heart...

That is a fine thing like being horsewhipped...

It is my privilege to write poems during the day...

But I don't know who pays for it...

PREFACE 50

I chose to be a poet...

Because I like both pleasure and revulsion...

Also, arrogance, narcissism, ignorance, and beauty...

But I know one thing too well...

No one should write a poem that makes a person feel financially poor...

PREFACE 51

Here is a poem...and I like it like faux simplemindedness...

This is like a fishtank within a fishtank...

This is a booklette...

It feels like eating meat-eating flowers...

And it is the most disenchanting thing except for temperance...

PREFACE 53

I like things like bottles, rope, and cash...

Together, these things form a discredited happiness...

If I don't write this poem then I am the wrong girl...

This is supposed to be very objectionable but it is not too objectionable, like naughty beige...

And it is the foundation of all drunkenness...

PREFACE 54

This is a poem...

But I hope you will like it...

It is like a cougar locked in the bathroom...

I am only sentimental about my drinks...

And that is not the force of poetry...

The force of poetry is a freely said truth...

PREFACE 55

No one wants poems to be easygoing, but to be hard going...

And I can make it...hard going

Because I know something about death...

Death is good! But not good enough for me...

PREFACE 56

When I started writing poetry I thought I could be a little girl chained to a post...

I thought I could have a whole suitcase of pills!

Maybe I'm a dumb baby...

But I like to get away with it...

PREFACE 57

I fell in love with my mentor like a novice...

I was a nude girl on a fire truck ringing a bell...

I learned that lesson but I have not stopped yawning...

If there is one thing I cannot forgive it is advice...

PREFACE 58

I know my poems are vulgar...

But not as vulgar as gross pragmatism!

"Poetry writing" is a bad thing...

But it is not as bad as letting go of your drink...

PREFACE 59

I know a thirstiness...

That is why I go to all possible hotel bars...

Love cannot be put into its place or made to do anything...

A love poem doesn't have any praise in it...only love...

PREFACE 60

This poem is like a total lack of financial achievement...

You must want it...if you haven't had enough of it...

You must limp home with it in your arms!

That's why I write it...like charity...

PREFACE 61

I can never predict what will disinterest me...

But it is often poetry or something brilliant...

This is like losing your fur wrap on a pleasure cruise...

Or the sound of a music box coming from a grave...

Writing a poem is like having your own way for too long...

PREFACE 62

When you write a poem you don't try to say it is noble...

You say it is going to be a one-time thing...

This is the proper discouragement!...

Sometimes you know how it is but you don't like it...

Like a woman in a mink coat with a bandage on her face...

PREFACE C3

I can't live very well on big-time poetry...

This is a feeble way to go up against death!...

My last book was very bad! I wrote it just for showing off...

If someone wants to write a poem then I don't know if they should do it!

But I should do it...

PREFACE C4

I like to write poems and I like to get drunk...

But you can't do everything at once...

Poetry is appalling, like an eyewink...

I know poetry should not be self-indulgent but it should be indulgent to others...

PREFACE C5

My mentor was so good...he made me want to do a good deed...

And he made me want to write a poem...

I can write this poem over and over again but I can't write it like a fool...

I can write a poem about love but I can't write it like I don't know what it is...I know very well...

I can fail to be loved but I can't fail to write this..

PREFACE C6

I don't like congratulations. And I have always dismissed other people's good wishes.

Poetry has to be good or I can't esteem it...

Like tight...unopened...nerines...

I am a poet so I can say the most terrible things, like ordure...

I say them as liberties for myself because I expect to be true to my self.

As a child I displayed a revolting servility...

PREFACE C7

Poetry is like picking your fox coat up off the floor and saying goodnight...

There are some very cut-rate lines in this...

And they all mean the same thing...

But I write it with a distaste for any other opportunity...

PREFACE C8

I want to cut the arms and legs off a mannequin because that is what it is like to have to look at a poem I have written...

I think this is an acceptable feeling...but I do not always like an acceptable feeling...

It is like lickable mink...

And it is like a lion chasing you up the spiral staircase...

And all the drinks in the world are a prize for this...

DOUBLE BLACK TULIP

I have emotions and I also have death wishes.....

.....
.....
.....

I like most things because I know I am going to die.....

.....
.....
.....

.....my love is like weak....black-legged lambs.....

.....
.....
.....

.....I have never had the right to say things that are true and no one does.....

.....
.....
.....death is the actual worst hope..

.....
.....
.....

.....
.....
.....I write this poem like a girl in a black wig... ..

.....
.....
.....
.....I do not know what level of happiness I am on!.....

.....
.....
.....but

.....
.....
..... my great-great-grandmother's name was Eugenia Hussy.....
.....
.....
.....

.....
.....
.....think of your own red-bloodedness.....
.....

.....because you are fucked...like ruby throated.....
.....
.....

.....like carrion you are dead.....
.....and.....
.....

.....all along you know it.....
.....because it is....

.....most foul.

...like...normal

.....but.....with the satin on it
.....
.....

.....like morphia...
.....

.....because now—50 years

.....from now

...you're dead.....

.....and.....

.....

it's so glazy....

...like you want it to happen.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....but then.....

.....like

.....

.....

.....every day goes by.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....so....fucked like a mazurka.....

.....

and

.....

.....

.....

so chastened.....

like protrusive.....because

.....the body is

.....

.....velvetized.....by thoughts.....

.....

...of the revolving vow.....of being alive

.....although

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

like benzedrine....you need to get up.....

.....and live.....

in a sensory deprivation tank of subsistence...

.....so that.....

.....you can be honorable like graphic.....
and sad like priapic.....but fucked like contempt.....
.....and..so sucked and licked like jelly....
.....with flesh like lubricious.....
like the richest
but the sorriest.....
.....and so spurned like impetuous.....
...but it is totally foetid because it is true.....
.....because, like modern, you're going to die.....
.....which means.....no more surfaces...ever...
.....and.....no more..unfounded happiness...
because...
like cirque.....
you can't say one more thing.....
but go on with it.....
like a malfeasance.....
.....
because. death
.....plays forever.....
.....so that we're.....
.....fucked like lucifer.....
....and..

.....sad like alright.....
.....
.....with life as a couloirs.....
but
with a breathless effect
because.....
.....of the moments.....
.....which are.....piteous.....
.....but imperious..... because ...
.....mandatory.....
.....
....anyway it is malicious but effervescent...to live.....
...with the normal moments like.....a waste.....
of overflowing joy.....
.....
because life is a stint....
.....and
everything.....
nadir.....
there is pressure to live.....

and look at how it hurts....

because we are

so prefabricated.....

and

we can't pretend to think about it....

when we know it like inseparable.....

life is a substance.....

and it is pure

...sacrosanct in the pussy.....when it runs out

TRUCK

.....if you are driving a haunted truck.....

.....with.....your head.....shoved in a sack of skies.....

.....and the sunshine cracks..

.....open like a coffin lid.....

.....and.....

.....flushes out your memory bank.....

.....and banishes your face.....

.....from all the mirrors.....

.....if you.....drive an insatiable straight line.....

.....and forget to wave goodbye...

.....as the chrome.....

.....flutters like a swan.....

.....then you are..... flickering.

.....with sunshine in your eye sockets.....

.....and floury chrome.....

.....and a.....cracked open cowskull.....

.....of skies.....

.....and luscious asphalt.....

.....that feels soft.....

.....as you burn very hot.....

.....in a dirty truck.....

.....and forgetdistasteful occurrences very fast.....

.....with the vivacious sunlight banging on the trim....

.....the truck is haunted because you're seduced when you drive.....
.....and that's why.....
.....you're riding it.....
.....on tantalizing gravel.....
.....a.....
.....truck.....
.....that's.....driving by itself.....down the.....
.....lover's lanes.....
.....with irresistible rust.....
.....with a song on loud.....
it's graced to drive.....
when the sun is alright

.....on heartbeats of road seams.....
.....with rickety flashes.....
.....and everything.....memorized.....
.....to shine.....
and a cracked open hatbox of skies.....
.....or a cracked open oil tanker.....
.....with skies in the oil.....
.....with.....a sparkling undercarriage.....
.....and glove compartment stuffed with.....

.....damselflies.....

.....

.....

.....

.....& striae of lightflashes.....

.....& you can see the ghosts in the chrome.....

.....

.....when you drive by the graveyards.....

.....

ASPEN

..the past used to be in the past but now it is in the aspen grove

.....

.....as a combined unit of terrific imperfect parts.....

.....

.....with the sound of whistling harpoons.....

.....which is the sound of autumn.....

.....

.....

.....and the exstasy of unconcern.....

.....in the.....twig-cracking.....

.....day.....

.....when the grove blares with the lunacy of coziness.....

.....

.....superimposed.....

.....

.....upon a grooviness.....

.....

.....

.....treading.....

.....

.....in a burnt-orange turtleneck.....

.....with delusional.....serenity

.....and plaid pants.....

.....through the thorns of an eye-level sunset.....

.....as someone holds my hand.....

.....in the split-level grove.....

.....as the waves.....

.....of leaves crash upon the tree trunks.....

.....and a memory.....

.....knocks me into a plunge.....

.....and a montage.....

.....of flashing slides of a glade.....

.....and it is my dreadfulness.....

.....that causes me to befoul.....a far-out moment.....

.....with.....

.....bloodsmear

on the back of the head.....and part of the ear gone.....

.....a glowy undoable moment.....

.....
.....
.....
.....like a ceiling mural.....
.....
.....in the tenderly dangerous autumn.....
.....
.....with the raunch of sunlight.....
.....
.....and the leaves.....
.....
.....so that....I want to get down.....
.....on the ground.....

DON'T DO IT SOME MORE

...I want to tell you a woe.....
.....a nasty woe that is for sale!.....
.....and I want to be your nursemaid..too..but
.....only for fun....

poetry

.....
.....
.....is a suck & fuck
.....
.....there is a smell of horseshit.... . . .
and it is so so vulture...
.....
.....like you should jack it all off.... ..
.....like adjunct.

...and lick it up....

for nothing like a stipend \$

.....and then

grind into it like a snuff.....

and play it off.....like genteel.....

when it bores you like a recidivist.....

this is a poem like any other service..

and ...

you know I am rigged for it.....

... I like to go stray.....

like a lyre.....

.....and..

.....no one has to feel any shame....

....because poets are boring and they play the chimes.....

....so that I cringe.....

.....it is very meek to write a poem.....

.....although it is a dupe.....

it is a poem

.....which is a trough....

where you can make your reputation.....

as a stiff

.....anyway, I am not trying to be human anymore.....

.....
.....
.....

.....

.....I am trying to be smart....in the head....like a pissant.....

because I like it like junk.....

which is only the truth.....

MAN-THING

.....

.....

.....

man-thing you are permissive.....

.....and I

.....like it.....

.....

.....like nasturtium....

I like it like cavil.....

.....

.....

.....I come back to you.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

but you get used to it.....

.....

.....

. because you are a hi-low.....

.....

.....andI KNOW it...like disbelief.....

.....

.....

..... because you are prototype.....

.....and I'm very sorry

.....but I'm trained for it.....

.....

.....

.....

to want you like a souvenir.....

.....and that's all I can use of
it.....

..... you are to be

used like a sentiment

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....
...and so retroactive for goodbye.....

although

it is like a bricked-up door to leave you.....
.....
.....

..... only a thoughtless girl....
.....could like it.....

.....and.....then it is retracted

because you are a rue.....
.....

.....like a disuse.....

.....and so like an aphasia.....

.....and this is..sixty years ago.....

and this is

.....a faux injustice

.....because it is a demi-madness

.....
.....of lowliness
.....like.....

.....seesaw rust

and anyway I do not defy it.....
.....

.....
.....
.....

.because I am free to be loosed...

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

...

.....

.....

.....

.....

..... you are . a man.....

.....but you are a thing.....

.....

.....
.....
.....
.....
..... I have become darkened.....at the tip

....of my wings

for you.....

but...

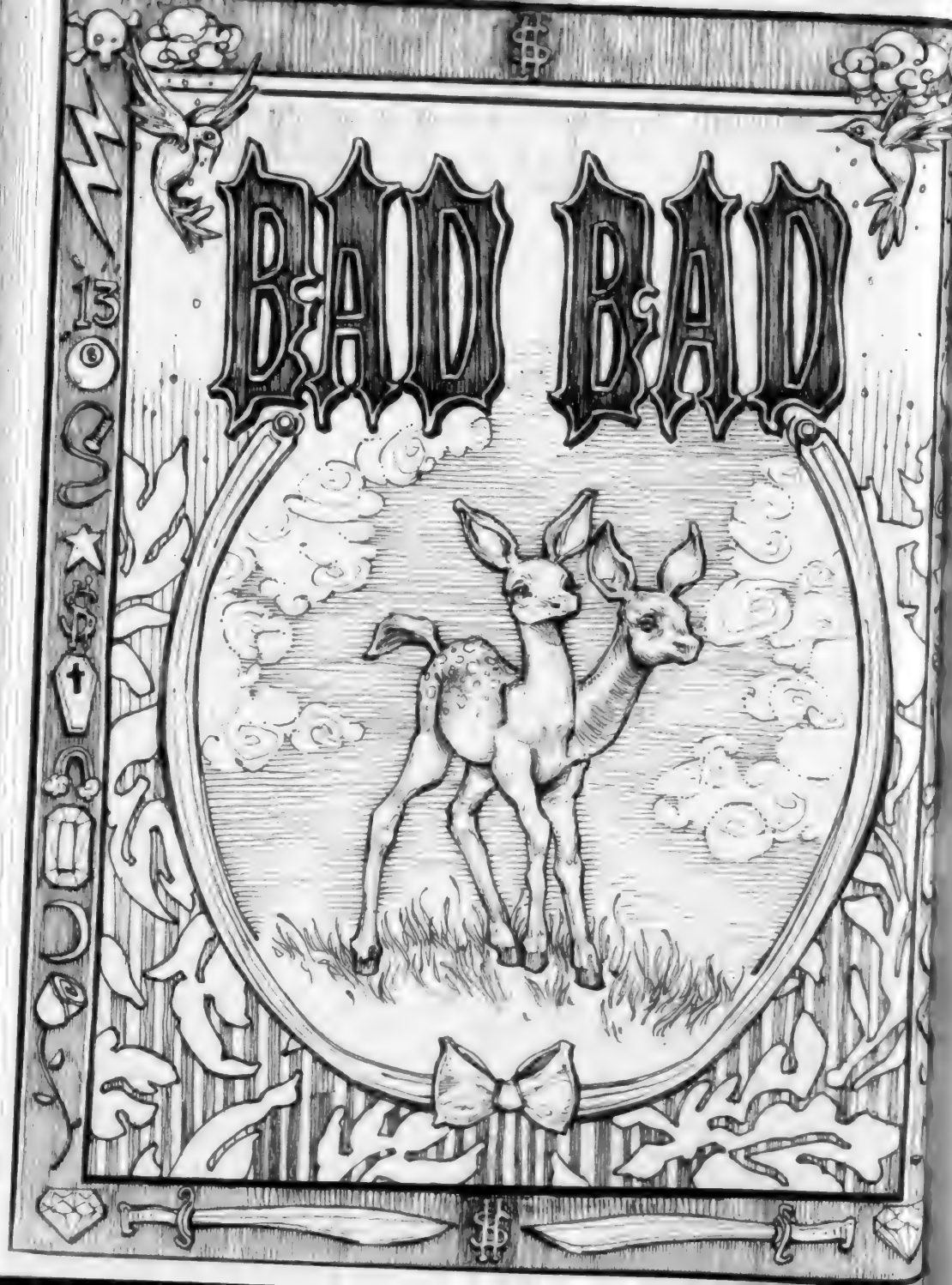
I have a new plan for you man-thing.....

I have a new half-hate for you.....

I have a whim for you.....and it is a love too.....

.....

.....



YOU LOOK GOOD
YOU FEEL GOOD
BUT YOU'RE BAD + BAD...

you're a swan.....
.....so carnelian...
.....
to be with you.....
.....so vexing & vicious.....
.....
.....with quirts of leather.....
.....and rock-roses.....
.....bad + bad like a scorch.....
.....it is curacao.....to be with you...
.....and omnivore to be in love.....
.....with your crimson.....
.....and your rogue.....

.....it is blackjacks.....
.....and being stabbed with a butcher knife.....
it is showerhead to be with you.....
.....you are a terrible burden like a cello.....
†
.....bad † bad.....
.....it is †
.....centaur to be with you
.....and propane to remember it.....
†
.....like a man but like a dark schoolgirl.....
it is quince to be with you.....
.....and.....
.....chinchilla to behave

.....it is tiffany to behave.....
.....and
.....a transverse facial scar to be kissed.....
†
.....with kohl on your man-eyes:.....to blacken your tears.....
.....it is cormorant to ravish.....
.....you.....
.....and a silent hairdo with a blackbird wing.....
†
.....it is only to taunt you with your own beauty
.....that I put a black dotted veil on your face..
.....I want to pretend you are a girl.....
because it will only last for a moment

.....if you will promise.....to be a young girl...

.....I will give you a mustache.....

.....and sunglasses.....

.....but I will hold your hand.....

†

.....it is rapier to be with you...

.....because it is crevasse to be with you.....with you
it is ravine.....

.....it is nasty to wonder...

.....why you have.....

.....eyelashes like a money-baby.....

.....and real blood in your tequila sunrises.....

†

...bad † bad.....

.....it is chrysanthemum....too.....

.....and candy cane.....too.....

†

.....you're a pearl diver.....bad....

.....rainbows.....are.....
.....coming out of your biceps.....
.....it is tight...to be with you....it is crucifix.....
.....it is a butterfly pavilion to submit to you.....
.....and a.....
a star of hate in each eye.....
.....and that's why you have to be spanked.....
†
.....so.....
.....fontanel.....
.....to be with you.....
.....it is rhododendron.....
.....as you are a ruse.....

†

.....as you are B-A-D † B-A-D.....
.....you are nix.....
.....and tarnish.....
.....it is radon
to be with you it is chloroform.....
.....as you are a baby chick
.....with your virile.....
.....and your icily.....
like glitz.....
.....and.....

.....I refuse to believe you are not a schoolgirl.....

.....with reverse french-braids.....

.....and.....

...that I can't.....

.....hold out my hand to you.....

†

.....so.....magenta

to be with you.....

.....and,javelin.

.....to be alone.....

.....like a bad twin and a bad twin.....

†

.....as you are a man.....

.....you should be.....

held.....

.....there....where the eyelids close...

.....anyway it is basilisk.....

.....it is.....andirons and andirons.....

.....you're a shill.....

†

.....it is all like a dirty waltz.....

.....to be with you.....

.....like a...deep pink bronze reverse.....

.....
.....
.....
.....like impish.....
.....
.....and your.....
.....
.....†approval....in a tropical flavor.....
.....
.....but with slaps in the face.....
like I promise you.....
.....
.....you're a poodle.....
.....you're a skunk.....
.....remember you're dark umber.....
.....
.....it is smeary to be here...
.....with moneybags.....in our hands.. ..running..

†
.....
.....it's all going to smack down.....
.....
.....it's grinding me like days.....
.....
.....†
.....
...like narcosis to be with you.....
.....with protons of happiness.....
.....
.....
like a bolt of satin rolled off a cliff.....
.....
.....
.....or a.....
.....wonderland of black sideburns.....
.....
.....
.....†.but with your beauty like a gorgon

.....like crossbows to be with you..

...when you. . . unbutton my glove.

.....and your minx.

.....you're a chisel.....

.....like lonely.....

.....and if you reach into my pocket you will find a present.....

†

.....bad † bad.....

†

.....you must be atrocious

.....to be so naive.....like a fawn..

.....in your wetsuit.....with black hair dripping.....

.....smoking a cigarette.....

†

.....with your loneliness like a marching band.....

.....with your.....

.....badness which is like a sand dune.....

†

.....you are.....

.....like a girl coming out of a cake at a party...

†

.....with your violet & vanity.....

.....that growls in my ear like a sideshow man.....

.....and.....everyone wants you to wink at them.....

†

.....it is.....undine

...to be with you.....

.....like taiga.....

.....or a burn wound plunged in snow.....

.....or a red velvet.....

valance pulled down.....

†

.....because you are tricks.....

.....because you are a schoolgirl....I will take you to school.....

.....because you are truffles.....

.....it is true you are a shriek†

.....like brandywine to grab you.....

.....and shove a blue plush.....

...couch against the door.....

†

.....bad † bad.....

.....you're a thicket.....like squeeze.....

.....in your shiny.....

.....like flash-flamed.....

.....tiger-mauled tuxedo.....

.....but you are a hustler.....†

.....the roaring.....blouse of the moment.....
is chiffon.....
with ruffles.....
and is a smocked chiffon.....
that you wear as the.....
swans walk around you...in a circle.....
and is simply a stylish pellucid object.....
which may be held in one hand out an open window.....
or look good draped over your frail lungs.....
with the ruffles at the.....
throat...it is permissible to breathe.....
frosty draughts in such a piece of clothing.....
so you can freeze with no regrets.....
with the roaring gossamer.....mutton sleeves around your wrists.....
that are fastened.....
with precision.....
a row of 10-12 buttons.....on the dorsal side of the forearm.....

.....filled with veins that glow.....
through the material.....as you are made to be.....
a girlhood ghost.....
in the foaming chiffon with the.....
egotistic ruffles.....
that cascade along a timeline to show.....
the underside of destiny.....
the irrefutable faint pink.....
ruffle blouse with implications.....
as the lashes of a horsewhip can be felt through chiffon.....
as the intense piracy is delicate.....
you look around surlily in chiffon.....

.....because you want to show through more and more.....

.....and the ruffle acts as.....simulated embellished bisection.....

.....to.....reveal turbulence.....beneath your.....

.....unjustifiable good fortune.....

.....if you will be glaring.....

.....in a blouse that is floating.....

.....if you will say unbelievable things.....

.....in tyrannically fragile clothing.....or.....

.....throw breakable objects at the wall.....

.....in your membranous ruffles.....

.....you will be aware.....of how.....

.....you could be struck by an arrow.....

.....through the tearable blouse.....or how.....

.....the blouse will sever.....

.....from the mere graze of a sabre.....

.....or catch.....on a branch.....

.....and.....

.....flow freely on the trees.....

.....the women in the viewing boxes
as their hair drifts over their cheeks.....
.....
.....and they gently bite
each other.....
.....
..... they fit into the foxfur with their pouts
.....
.....with their shiny legs.... and their springbok fur.....
.....
.....they won't get out of the boxes because they have their...ocelot fur.....
.....bare....kneecaps and.....
.....magnetized hair.....
.....
.....and their.....chartreuse ostrich boots.....
.....and their.....
oblivion of chartreuse.....
.....
.....as....they bite...their index fingers

with pleasure...

....and caress their weasel fur.....
.....
.....and stroke their pelts under control in their spaces.....
.....
.....in their.....strict confines with their...iolite rings.....
.....and their.....singleminded blisses.....
.....
.....and the..... gold nameplates around their throats...
.....as they barely know.....
.....the difference between.aubergine
marabou boa.....and a.....
.....bare knee or...
.....the nubbed.....leather.strap.....
.....between their fingers and thumb.....
.....
the surgeable lump of pleasure like a chrysoprase.....
.....
.....true pleasure.snarling at you..

.....through.....dotted charmeuse
.....
.....no one denies them their hunks of citrine... on their knuckles.....
their sloppy muscled bodies..rocking the marmot fur.rock.ing the skunk trench★
.....r..ocking the buckle flashes.....
.....
.....rocking the...cheek tint.....
.....
.....rock..ing the fur earflap hat.....
.....
.....rocking the
.....mink beret.....
.....
.....rocking the.....
.....t.struts.....
.....rocking the ballet..pumps.....
.....
.....rocking the side-laced.. ..
.....
.....with their onlooking sex fiends.....

.....their.....emu feathers.....
.....the odontoglossums.....behind...
.....their ears.....
.....the women with their hinge joints.....
.....beneath their lambswool.....
.....and their...permeable chiffon
.....the ginger tone.....of un.i.denti.fiable body limbs.....
.....in their swimsuits.....patterned with cabbage roses
.....in their....
.....ball-gowns ★ imprinted with a.... single.... black.... pineapple... ..
.....rocking the rubberized satin....
.....rocking the ermine... ..
rocking the pearl snap.s.....
.....rocking...the diamond en.crusted.....
.....rocking the.....white faille.....

.....rocking the beribboned

.....with their lidded eyes.....

.....and their shining chins.....

.....as they.....

.....fondle gold charms.....

.....in their boxes.....

.....with their.....

.....cabochons or their samples of lynx.....

.....or their mouthfuls of fog.....

.....with their ankle straps and stacked heels

.....with their s-oft centered pleasure.....

★

rocking the.....hyena fur.....

.....r-ocking the shir-red.....

rocking the off.....the shoulder

.....rocking the slitted—

rocking the

old-timey

.....rocking the nutria fur.....rocking

.....the.....

.....tulip sleeves.....

.....in their boxes with their hip flexors.....

and their

prone limbs.....

.....and their.....

.....pantfronts and their.....

plumb leather satchels.....

.....and their resistance

to being viewed.....in the.....

.....chest-baring moire.....

.....with their protruding bone structures.....

.....and their.....

.....intakes of breath.....

.....and the.....

.....exhales like cameos

.....and their.....

sacro-cranial vertebrae.....

.....r★cking the conch pearl

.....rocking the pin/stripes.....
.....rocking the
.....fluted sleeves
★

.....ro-ck-ing the puma fur.....
.....rocking
the crocodile-over-the-knee.....
.....
.....
.....in their boxes with their.....
.....neck-bites.....
.....and their swaybacks.....
.....as they.....
.....revolve.....lemur-
fur...stoles.....
.....and blow.....oral . . mist on the box-side.....
.....
.....with their.....

.....aerated ruffles.....
.....
.....and the numerous admirers.....
.....of their brushed tresses.....★
.....
.....
.....and their.....
.....pleather flares.....
.....in their boxes..with their thumbs in their beltloops.....★
.....rocki,ng.....
.....the diaphanous.....
.....in their.....
.....peasant blouses..... with their.....
.....chalcedony.....
.....and their
oval decals of exhale.....
.....and foxtails.....
and polecat ★ fur.....

.....
.....rocking the jet-beaded.
.....
....RoCKING the man-eating.....
.....rockinG the zebra boot
.....rOCKING the.....
.....orchidaceous.....
.....rocking the chastE
.....rocking the smOKing jacket.....
.....
.....with their cOhering angora.....
.....and their.....
.....straps...///.....
....and their.....straps...///
.....
.....rocking the naugahyde.....
.....
.....rocking the black pinafore....
.....
.....rocking the mesh inserts.....
.....
.....rocking the reading gLASSes.....

.....rocking:.....studs,.....quilts,.....grommets,.....
.....
.....
.....
.....rocking the pink, long-haired-goat coat
.....rocking the ballOOn sleeves
.....
the women.....
.....with their.....
.....airiness, gauziness, balminess, dewiness.....
.....
.....in grooved mink.....
.....
.....biting.....
.....their thumb joints
.....
.....as their,....marled scarves,.....
.....float through.....their arms.....
.....
.....their aureate chiffon like diesel fumes.....
.....

.....and their dark.....
.....barely flared.....nostrils.....

.....the...ovals of pauses.....

.....in their mouths and.....

.....the.....
.....morsels of sighs.....

...★...

.....rocking the thigh holster:.....

.....rocking the lower.....

..lashline.....

.....rocking the cutaway.....

.....rocking the curtsey.....

.....rocking the pearl pump.....

.....rocking the tearstreak.....

....in their cretonne.....

.....with their steaminess.....and their.....

....rotator cuffs.....★.....

.....rocking the puff sleeves.....

.....rocking the fur-pom-poms-on-the-toes-of-the-pumps.....

.....rocking the: fuzzY wool.....

.....rocking the poinTelle ★.....

★

.....

.....

.....

.....rocking.....the....

.....

.....emerald.....mousseline.....wreath dress.....

.....

.....★like undersea fauna

.....rockingtheknottedleather.....

.....r.o.c.k.i.n.g.....the bleeding flower.....

.....rocking/the grosgrain fringed.....

.....

.....rocking thé lilac raccoon.....

.....

.....rocking the curliQues of pheasanT feathers.....

.....

.....rock-ing.....

the leatherizED.....

.....double-faced-sable.....

.....rocking thethe soufflé blouse

.....

rocking the hooks and eyes.....Rock.....

.....Ing.....

.....tHe drop

.....earrings.....

rocking the frock coat.....

.....in their.....

.....lime empire dresses.....★

.....with their,...luminous exhale.....s

.....and their slithery lamé...

.....

.....and their sea-anemone corsages.....

.....as they.....want.....

...to be.....viewed in their bodies

.....

.....with their mohair exhales.....

.....and their.....

.....spheres of beryl.....

.....

.....and the auras of shawls on their shoulders.....

.....

MILDRED

Mildred, beautiful, like a harpoon
Mildred, my heart is hardened...
Mildred, the scalloped edge of your almond green leather
Mildred, with a stained shirtfront, Mildred, with a gag in the mouth
Mildred, drills are drilling all night long holes for your eye to look through
Mildred, the light green grommets
Mildred, the dragonfly barrette
Mildred, I am standing over your sadness at this moment



Mildred, the blood-rushes, the hematite and the turning black parasol
Mildred, to vomit in silver bowls
Mildred, underwater sunshine
Mildred, in a tropical-print pantsuit
Mildred, the geometric sadness and the keyhole dress
Mildred, mudslides and mudslides of solitude
Mildred, a lionfish...
Mildred, a bloody nose and a black frock
Mildred, ruinous and fresh as starfruit
Mildred with the plastic flowers in your hair
Mildred, your sleepiness like blinking lights, your sleepiness like cocoa butter...



Mildred, on unrepeating patterned carpets
Mildred, in bright yellow diamonds
Mildred, scarved and scarved with a flowered square
Mildred, on the sky blue floor crying
Mildred, piranha shiny...sinking into joy
Mildred, spiral sunbeams of blood in the ocean
Splitting your gown with the pulse of a thigh, Mildred,
Mildred, an eclipse in the background and your black lipstick Mildred
Mildred, the bristles of flashes from the back of silver brushes
Mildred, the burnt milk and the clacking of ladies' boots
Mildred, axles and axles of silence
Mildred, a black feather eyemask!



Mildred, the retinal scan of an aloe green eye
Mildred, cabinets open to reveal you
Mildred, thrown upon the ceiling, a gold border surrounding you
Mildred, you can safely tear yourself apart...
Mildred, red ants in the grass
Mildred, the electronic verbena
Mildred, the night spurts over your black umbrellas

♥
Mildred, twisting to swirl the organza underwater

Mildred, pulling off the petals of a leather flower

Mildred, your eyes are green volcanoes

Mildred, the flattened grass, the backless slipper

Mildred, in a stained glass swimming pool

Mildred, unraveling: a shantung sash

Mildred, the pressure of an opaque, foam-soft madness...

Mildred, a skirt with the hemline burning upward

Mildred, filthy and grim little girls...

Mildred, the fin or swath of glaze in an eye-sphere

Mildred, algae and phosphorescent ball gowns...

Mildred, the funnel over your heart

Mildred, icy and dumb little girls

Mildred, the hornèd deer

Mildred, to float...with a buoyant hushed evil

Mildred, your thigh-high boots to stomp out the pestilence of loneliness!

Mildred, chartreuse swimming trunks on a gentleman

♥
Mildred, limeade...

Mildred, a cutthroat happiness is possible

Mildred, the swirl over your face, the hair brushed back, sea-breezes of shock...

Mildred, dead soft...in a green dirndl

Mildred, there is a dazzling graciousness

Mildred, sunburned at the funeral...

Mildred, a summer of vomiting into the sea

Mildred, swimming in black-rimmed glasses

♥
Mildred, the sumptuous grave

Mildred, the pulsating...mesmerizing...lustre of shock...

Mildred, fishtail...eggshell blue...

Mildred, underpants with ruffles around the legholes...

Mildred, the shining anvils of a demure disposition

Mildred, the pretty birds that dive-bomb...

Mildred, a black coat lined with green grasses

UNDERPANTS

hanging upside down in gravity boots...

with tears rolling down my forehead...

the madness like panda eyes...

—oh rumpled.

I am punished with honey and biting ants and my head hurts!

underpants patterned with frangipani...

underpants patterned with bluebells...

bioluminescent underpants...

madness in white boots....

the solitude and the buckles

—your infinitesimal sadism.

F-FLUTE

I am the most merciless girl flautist in the orchestra...

I am neutral of love and neutral of death...

The flute slides through my hands and clicks into place...

I have my eyes on you....but my lips are only for the flute...

MEN CRY BECAUSE OF THE HEAT

As soon as they wake up...they barely lift their heads...and then just start crying...

At first you think it is an enchanted misery...but it is the heat...

They have to sit on the side of the bed...and clamp their hands onto their faces...and then pry their hands off...their faces...and look at you...

Chunks of tears...slide down their cheeks...at a slow speed...

When you show them a curling iron they start crying...and when you try to brush their hair they start crying...but when they see a piece of ice...they become completely still and flared...

...and they try to shake their fists...

If a bird lands on their shoulder...they don't even think about it...they can't realize anything...about birds...

If you try to give them a kiss...it just sizzles on their cheek...

When you fight...with them...in the evening...they just agree with you...and agree with you more and more...and sink down...

They look at all their muscles and start crying...

You have to cut their shirts into half-shirts...

CLOWN

It seems that I'm growing more and more like a clown. First of all, I'm always sad. Secondly, all my knives are made out of rubber. Thirdly, it's like my house is on fire.

No, I'm definitely becoming more like a clown. I have a tendency to want to put on clown clothes. As soon as I put the clown clothes on I feel faintly happier..

Another sign is that I constantly feel like I'm alone in a dressing room. Most of the time I feel amused. Anyway, the only thing good about the circus is the tigers.

I realize that I could get both legs cut off by the circus train or get frightened by an elephant. But it's very depressing to sit around in a clown suit and think about death.

Sometimes I don't feel happy unless I'm in my clown suit. And I enjoy hitting people on the head with a foam club. I really do...

When people see me they realize that it looks very sophisticated to wear a clown suit and smoke a cigarette. This is how I get all the ladies because they think I'm very droll.

People don't understand how you turn into a clown. You turn into a clown because you feel more and more like putting on a clown suit. When you're around people you sense a kindness. It makes you so nervous you can't stay calm. Which is why it feels perfectly normal to wear orange pants.

Plus, it's very subversive to wear bow ties. You can't imagine how jolly everything is. And the fright wigs... I don't want to be a clown but I'm sure to be one. My mother was a clown.

PIPI, NO, NO

"Fifi, I thought I told you to stop touching me with your soft little hands..."

Fifi: "The weakness of Fifi..."

"Fifi, it is not possible for you to continue behaving in this manner..."

I am fallen in love with by a young girl: Fifi.

Fifi

takes hand	strokes hair	sits too close	puts hand on knee
---------------	-----------------	-------------------	----------------------

1. Fifi should not touch my breast with her hand...

It is very very depressing when Fifi falls on her face on the flagstones and doesn't cry.

We don't like to hold each other's hands and dance with sparklers!

"She is a girl but she is Fifi."

Fifi again

- touching with hands
- holding face still to try to kiss it
- whispering
- petting hair with delight

Fifi, go away with your sparklers, I am not for you...

"Fifi at night!... Fifi at night!..."

Fifi: eating a hamburger...

Fifi, infidel of nothing

Fifi of the iron will of caressing

No acceptance of refusals, no allowances, no resistance, no taking away of the hand, no.

All this foretelling a bad end: Fifi to be completely patronized and tolerated by everybody, which is a disgrace...

P. CHELSEY

P. Chelsey doesn't like parties. Her state of mind is usually bad. She tries to eat hors d'oeuvres. Of course she wants to get drunk and berate everyone. But P. Chelsey has a hold of herself and things are going to be O.K.

If P. Chelsey likes anyone she follows them around and stands right behind them. When she pretends to talk to people, she is really just taking more and more sips of wine. If P. Chelsey doesn't like someone, she can never forgive them. P. Chelsey hates people for turning their back to her right after saying something nice. She also hates them for staring at her too long with haunted looks in their eye. Sometimes people give her too many compliments at the beginning of the night. Then there is nothing to say for the rest of the night.

P. Chelsey hates people who look at her pityingly and have bad breath. People wonder where her psychiatrist is. P. Chelsey tries to be patient with her psychiatrist, but a psychiatrist cannot be reasoned with. As it stands the psychiatrist is usually not at his office.

FRIENDSHIP

When I am alone...I eat all white foods...and sing the numbers to myself...and sing all the letters to myself...and count my own fingers....

I am waiting all night for you to come out the side door..

We should become very good friends and never say a dirty thing to each other...

You can sit on your swivel stool and I can sit on my swivel stool.

This is because we are wearing our sweater-vests. And we smell good.

We will be great friends and we will look in the window of the playhouse and see ourselves together..

I think we should walk in the rain under a giant umbrella.

We can share a microscope.

And we don't have to do anything but play the piano with a metronome and turn the page.

It makes us gently say goodnight.

And all of this is wrapped up in butcher paper.

I have no thought of cleaning up a mess in your lap. Or of letting my curls fall forward ever...

And you can never pretend to read a blank page...

We toast each other with teacups because we are successes...

This is not like a bloody shoehorn...

We are very calm and so the milk truck delivers all the milk...

We are friends and it turns us quite pale...

We are friends and we eat ice creams together...

It is always very calm when we sit side by side on the piano bench...

I want to squeeze my hands together but there's nothing to do...

Everything is an object that can be picked up and put down again.

We don't want to mess up our outfits. And we like to play checkers.

We are two friends who hold hands in the universe...

C-PASSION

I notice too many people recommend me to compassion so that I am accustomed to considering myself ruthless...

I sincerely believe there is no reprieve from the summons for compassion as one is supposed to improve...

I'm weary with the idea of compassion as a salve to my critical nature...which is my only refuge from the delusions of virtue...

The expression of compassion lends propriety and elegance to the expressor... as its distribution stems from a natural assumption of privilege...and there is a pernicious extravagance of compassion in sedate personalities...

Someone tries to instruct you...as you are supposed to be capable of it...and you blink your lovely yellow eyes...

Compassion is an expectation...even though one's temperament may be ill-suited to suave virtues...and one's experiences...don't form one to become the presenter of swanlike compassion...

Compassion is devoid of any thermal relief...and destroys the best defensive countermeasures...and calls upon one to rationalize the mediocrity of one's tormentors...

Some imagine they will find the experience charming...and prefer not to be grieved by endless furies on unchangeable topics...

I have no compassion for anyone who advocates it...as they don't consider the requirements of sincerity...and because such people are irresponsible with other people's mental health...

I could easily crush a moon rock in my hand with an...intensity which is alarming...

I dread lessons in compassion as they promote laziness...as compassion bastes the facts with a shimmer...as one cannot admit the dominant offenses committed against them...which account for their touchiness...

Compassion is a boast...of insight and serenity which is unfair...

I am currently not agreeable to it...but offer my revenge like a tray of cigars...

You are dead on the red shag carpet and the fish tank is shattered...

You can feel fine now because you are finally dead. And that is good enough for you & you don't even care about the fish...

One of your shoes fell off and your expression became very annoyed after you were dead.

But you don't have to look good now.... And you don't have to be in love...

You don't have to feel like a ridiculous person constantly made fun of by a parrot..

All you have to do is continue being dead ...

You're not so lucky but you don't need to be lucky ever again...

If you do not fall in love everyone will think you are too romantic to fall in love..

But, I don't see how you are supposed to finish your sentences...

It feels like a serving spoon is stuck in your heart...

There needs to be something inside you so that you are more than a dressmaker's dummy.

Something...like a bright wall and the sky darkening behind it...

If you don't dismiss your vanity, you will never become a serious woman...

The future can't be hated, and that is why you are growing old...

I know you are smart, and you are even smart enough for death...

Just as the other poets cause you disgust...so too do you cause them a disgust...

You lack the basic ability to live...it seems petty and stupid...to you...

But haven't you turned away from every fellow man?

What do you think can be a finite happiness? If someone knocks you on the head then that can be a finite happiness...

Do not wish for anyone to be greater than yourself...content yourself with your own greatness...

You will not find yourself under-valued or over-valued by god...

Do not think you will have any humility left after you have written your poems...

Do not attempt to be pretty...death will be pretty enough for you...

Which is more important, your fancies or nature?...

If you try to think you will find yourself overworked...

For this you will be hurt and all your praises will be taken away from you...

Someone wearing a bikini under a fur coat is more meaningful than you are...

But you should just keep quiet, otherwise you will make everyone feel quite stupid...

You can be slapped on the cheek, pinched, and have your arm twisted behind your back, but you can still say exactly what you want no matter how unwelcome...

It will be a great accomplishment if you will agree never to be married...

It seems that you are about to hang or shoot yourself. But do not hang or shoot yourself and keep on living...

DUNG CART

I like poetry but it is a dung cart. I like being in love but that is a dung cart too. I have to be content with things that are dung carts although I really want something that is not a dung cart. Something that will allow me to live when my frivolousness is like death...

Unfortunately for me, everything is going to be called a dung cart. Such as: kissing someone and then not listening to what they're saying. I don't care what they're saying! They're a businessman! A businessman is not a dung cart...

I am always thinking of a dung cart. Dung is neatly piled on it! Even if I look around I can still see clearly that everything is a dung cart & I too am a dung cart.

Dung cart after dung cart rolling by.....

Anyway, I like dung carts. My favorite things are dung carts. Dung carts with dung falling off them.

ANTI VITAE

1977-1984

Nothing of interest.

1984

Performed poorly in math. Taken aside by math teacher. Receded into mediocrity of math.

D+ in conduct.

1985-1988

College application rejected by Cornell, Tufts, Northwestern University, Dartmouth etc...

45% in math.

1989

Fail to appear for graduate creative writing workshop. Class discusses poem without me.

Mispronounce "Kant."

1990

Unimpressive academic performance. Idle.

Lose essay contest.

Fail to get any recommendations from professors for graduate school. All applications rejected.

1991-1992

Mental health questioned.

1993

Accidentally knock over bookcase.

Called "The Most Abrasive Person Ever Met."

Fail to win prize.

Told poems "lack agency." Have to ask what "agency" means. Don't know what "trope" means. Mispronounce "geodesic."

Poems are called "Disneyesque."

1994

"Insidious."

"Ferrari without steering wheel."

Lose poetry contest under pseudonym.

1995

Poems rejected by *Paris Review*, *Poetry Magazine*, *The New Yorker*, *New American Writing*, *Fine Madness*, *Black Warrior Review*, etc.

Sit outside local bar and flash cigarette lighter at firefly.

Intensely disliked by older female fiction writer.

Told that poetry is "loose" by future poet laureate.

Commitment to waitressing questioned.

1994-1995

Receive no answer from "City Lights" manuscript query.

1995

Receive shocked response at poor physical appearance.

Lose National Poetry Series; Walt Whitman Award, Yale Younger poets series, Pittsburgh prize, etc.

1996

No car.

Apply for no teaching jobs. Don't publish book.

1997-2000

Continue to not publish book.

Bite cuticles.

Manuscript rejected by Verse Press.

Mental health questioned.

2001

Don't receive NEA grant.

Fail to send any new work to literary magazines. Not published in any magazines.

2002-2003

No teaching experience.

2004

2nd book still not published...

SAD-D

My sadness feels like heavy earrings that makes my head ache.

Someday I would like to spend too much money on a shag rug so that I could lie down upon it and not smell one scent from my childhood.

When I'm about to get angry, that's when I start to feel good...

I stare out the window, unprincipled as a tiger...

If anyone tries to comfort me I will vomit on the balustrade.

If anyone asks me why I'm like this I will say "im gon tu kil u!!!"

As a child I totally squandered my love on my parents and was, as a result, crucified on a cross†.

I will spit out my food if anyone tries to imply anything...

Sometimes an arrow starts to come out of my head like I'm bored → I'm bored → And then another arrow comes out like I want to read a book ↑ I want to read a book ↑

I try to stay bored for a while but then I start to become amused...

I want to put makeup on people's eyes so they can look like damned darlings...

People keep talking...But it is hard to stop them when I only want to be petted... I can barely listen to what they're talking about. They're talking about someone who wants them...

YOU RAISED ME UP

Ha! You raised me up.....

and now I'm overflowing with good.....

You made some food

and got in there

and said some things...

to a child

but alright you raised me up.....

You bought some clothes

and took me around

and put me to work....

You want me to say you raised me up?

I'm raised up, aren't I?

Here I am,

raised all the way up

by you, as you say it.

And overflowing with good.....

Only it's true I got raised by time

time raised me and I'm time's baby girl

Or you raised me up

and taught me how to feed the chickens

but that is just a farmhouse fantasy.....

But alright then you raised me
 and I'm up here now
 I'm not even biting my knuckles..
 Hey you raised me
 straight up and did
 some things
 but
 that's all over now..
 I'm up from being a delicate child
 everyone's getting raised up
 whether they want to or not
 or whether they're any good for it.....
 Did I ever say thank you
 for raising me up so that
 I can say my own name?
 But that's alright.....
 I'm not crying anymore
 & you can't
 raise me again.....

-5 (NEGATIVE 5)

- 5 for debating
- 5 for misuse of the tractor
- 5 for altering the chore list
- 5 for pinecone throwing
- 5 for misplacing shoes and other personal property...
- 5 for delaying, kicking dirt, separating, tossing thermos off lookout rest-point, non-listening...
- 5 for cracking twigs
- 5 for excessive yawning
- 5 for loud whistling, touching people's hats without permission, putting Jared's comb into the fire, misuse of the grill tongs, burning, failing to comply with cleanliness of common area, spilling trash...
- 5 for improper conduct while fishing...
- 5 for euphoria, obstruction of doorways, fire hazard...
- 5 for "misplacing" trail map
- 5 for scattering birds, meaningless interjections during staff meeting, lingering and/or petting the guide dogs...
- 5 for delayed objections
- 5 for exaggerated enthusiasm about trail walk
- 5 for tracking mud, solitariness, obsession with fishing lures, reluctance, inability to initiate social interaction, furtiveness, secrecy, paleness...
- 5 for loud humming during rest hour, loud buzzing or humming sound, destructive theorizing, misuse of and/or, staring out of windows...
- 5 for refusal to read information packets, emotional recklessness, bad sportsmanship, lateness...
- 5 for improper storage of personal food, repudiation, defacement, refusal to return group mascot, lack of effort at horseshoes, hoarding the first aid kit, contradictions, negligence, spitting...
- 5 for misuse of the fly swatter...





Fence Books is an extension of **FENCE**, a biannual journal of poetry, fiction, art, and criticism that has a mission to redefine the terms of accessibility by publishing challenging writing distinguished by idiosyncrasy and intelligence rather than by allegiance with camps, schools, or cliques. It is part of our press's mission to support writers who might otherwise have difficulty being recognized because their work doesn't answer to either the mainstream or to recognizable modes of experimentation.

The Motherwell Prize (formerly the Alberta Prize) is an annual series that offers publication of a first or second book of poems by a woman, as well as a one thousand dollar cash prize.

Our second prize series is the Fence Modern Poets Series. This contest is open to poets of either gender and at any stage of career, and offers a one thousand dollar cash prize in addition to book publication.

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The Cow
Practice, Restraint
A Magic Book
Sky Girl
The Real Moon of Poetry and Other Poems
Zirconia

Ariana Reines
 Laura Sims
 Sasha Steensen
 Rosemary Griggs
 Tina Celona
 Chelsey Minnis

FENCE MODERN POETS SERIES

Structure of the Embryonic
Rat Brain
The Stupefying Flashbulbs
Povel
The Opening Question
Apprehend
The Red Bird

Christopher Janke, judge Rebecca Wolff
 Daniel Brenner, judge Rebecca Wolff
 Geraldine Kim, judge Forrest Gander
 Prageeta Sharma, judge Peter Gizzi
 Elizabeth Robinson, judge Ann Lauterbach
 Joyelle McSweeney, judge Allen Grossman

FREE CHOICE

Bad Bad
Snip Snip!
Yes, Master
Swallows
Folding Ruler Star
The Commandrine and Other Poems
Macular Hole
Nota
Father of Noise
Can You Relax in My House
Miss America

Chelsey Minnis
 Tina Brown Celona
 Michael Earl Craig
 Martin Corless-Smith
 Aaron Kunin
 Joyelle McSweeney
 Catherine Wagner
 Martin Corless-Smith
 Anthony McCann
 Michael Earl Craig
 Catherine Wagner

ANTHOLOGIES & CRITICAL WORKS

Not for Mothers Only: Contemporary Poets
on Child-Getting & Child-Rearing

Catherine Wagner &
 Rebecca Wolff, editors



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DECADENT!

**...INDULGENT AND MELANCHOLY...
...MOMENTS OF EXTREME MORBIDITY
AND ANGER...**

—ARIELLE GREENBERG

**...HER POEMS TAKE SOME GETTING
USED TO...**

—ROBERT STRONG

**...MANY WON'T FIND HER...ACCEPTABLE
AT ALL...**

—COLE SWENSEN

CHILDISH!

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